

Passing Time by the_angry_pixie

Series: [Starman Universe \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Aged-Up Character(s), Emotional Baggage, First Time, Gay Male Character, High School, M/M, Relationship(s)

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Theo (OC), Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler, Will Byers/Original Male Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-26

Updated: 2018-03-26

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:29:20

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 4,643

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Theo has plans. Big plans. He just has to graduate and then he can finally leave this shitty, backwater town and move to New York. Anything that comes before that is just a way to pass the time.

[Part of a series and its highly recommended you read "there's a Starman waiting in the sky" first]

Passing Time

Author's Note:

Hello everyone. Like him or lump him, Theo has some things to say. Here is the Theo POV story no one asked for. ;)

And just be aware, there are some gay slurs in this story, all said by Theo, all said jokingly. But just want to be safe.

Day 1.

So the guy painting the set backgrounds was pretty cute. Theo had been observing him all rehearsal. He prided himself on having an eye for beautiful things. And really, it was kind of hard not to notice the developing artwork without also noticing the artist so seriously focused on it.

Especially when the artist was wearing a sweet little painting smock over what appeared to be denim overalls with the knees ripped out, his hair pushed back from his face with a haphazardly tied bandanna. Not the most masculine of outfit choices. In fact, he kind of looked like he should be interacting with a puppet on Sesame Street. A kind of airy innocence hanging about him. Interesting.

The rehearsal went on and Theo tried to concentrate on his director's instructions. Opening night was just 4 weeks away after all... but the young man just couldn't seem to stop his eyes from wandering to the back of the stage now and then. He even caught eyes with the Painting Guy once. He had been paused in his work, curiously watching the actors as he swirled some brushes in a jar of water.

Theo sent a smile his way and was kind of surprised to see it returned. Gosh the kid had a face like a Kewpie doll. *Adorable!* He would definitely have to Fag Test him.

Theo hadn't gotten laid since his friend's uncle had been in town for that Thanksgiving dinner party last year, or had it been Christmas...? Didn't matter. It had been *too long* since he'd gotten any. This little cutie might be a nice way to pass the time.

He'd seen Dustin Henderson going over to talk to him a few times. They seemed pretty chummy. Maybe he could mine a few details from Henderson.

"Hi. It's Will right?"

It was the next day and Theo had just finished his scene blocking and had been dismissed while the director worked with some of the other actors.

The teen looked up at him from where he was crouched on the ground. Holy shit he had nice eyes! Were they green or were they brown? Who cares, they were *pretty*.

The guy cocked his head to the side. "Uh, yeah. That's me?"

Theo put on what he had been told was a winning smile. “Great. I just had something I wanted to ask you real quick” he paused for a moment to watch the guys eyebrows rise questioningly before continuing in his most jovial tone. “So I’ve been curious... is watching paint dry really as *fascinating* as I’ve heard?”

Will gave him a calculating look. Theo thought he was pretty good at interpreting expressions. He practiced them enough at home in the mirror. Studied them in the people he interacted with everyday. What he saw crawling across the face of the teen in front of him was something he recognised himself doing all the time – he was trying to work out if the person in front of him was a threat or not. People had obviously fucked with this kid before. He had learnt caution.

Theo adjusted his stance, modelling his face into a warm smile and shoving his hands in his jacket pockets casually.

Will seemed to reach a mental conclusion and offered back a wry smile.

“How long did it take you to come up with that?”

Theo laughed cocking his hip. “Oh i dunno, at least half a day. What, you’re not impressed? *I* thought it was pretty smart.”

“Pretty smartass” was Will’s quick response and jeepers, Theo *loved* a dry wit.

He chortled. “Oh yeah? Ok well here’s another one. Why can you never trust an artist?”

Will shook his head back and forth with both his eyebrows arched. “I don’t know. Why can you never trust an artist?”

Theo knelt down so he could lean in conspiratorially close to the other boy. “‘Cause they’re all real shady, kinda sketchy, and they’ll *always* try to frame you.”

Will actually snorted with laughter at this one and Theo felt a weird sort of pride at that. He stood up again from his crouch. Thanking his mother along the way for always insisting that the best way to grease the wheels of conversation was with a few jokes.

“No but seriously. Your painting, it’s really good.”

Will looked to what he had been working on and looked back to Theo with another raised eyebrow.

“It’s a brick wall” he stated flatly.

Theo chuckled. “Yeah but its a *good* brick wall. The bricks are so... so...” he twirled his hand about for emphasis before finishing with an over-the-top snap of his fingers, “*brick-y!*”

He was rewarded with a small, amused smile and gave himself

another internal pat on the back.

Will Byers however, didn't seem to feel the need to offer a response. Just continued to stare up at him curiously. Apparently filling conversational silences wasn't exactly a priority for him. Which was weird for Theo. He *hated* silences.

"Er so, how many more of these backgrounds you have left to do?" Theo pretended to pick an imaginary piece of lint from his shoulder and flick it away.

"Two more plus a couple of set pieces" was Will's casual answer.

Theo narrowed his eyes, his lips pulling into a smirk. "So I will see you around at the next couple of rehearsals?" he said, his tone heavy with intention.

Will shrugged. "I guess you will," his eyes wandering back to his paint-work before settling back on Theo's face again.

Another silent pause. Will was so strange. Theo couldn't quite get a fix on him. His eyes were friendly but it was almost like... it was almost like he was too serene to even notice Theo was flirting with him. Maybe he just wasn't into dudes... but then again, the straights were usually *just that*, so straight forward. Theo could pick them a mile away even if he was on stage and they were right up the back of the auditorium. If Will was straight he probably would have started instinctively retreating from Theo's overtness by now. But the smaller boy seemed to be neither coming nor going. Neither pushing nor pulling.

More research was needed Theo supposed, but maybe not with Will. His behaviour was too confusing.

“Well anyway I better get back” he gestured over his shoulder. “I er, just wanted to come say ‘Hi’. I’m Theo by the way. I’m playing Hamlet.”

“Oh cool. The lead right?” This at least, Will seemed impressed with.

“Right.”

“Hmm pressure.”

“Its okay. I like it” Theo practically beamed. Always happiest talking about his passion.

“Rad. Well, nice meeting you Theo.” And with that Will turned back to his painting.

Theo stood for a moment or two, feeling a bit like a dismissed child, staring at the back of Will's head. He lingered just long enough for the silence to make him feel awkward. Walking away, he felt confused but also a little bit intrigued. Who *the fuck* was this Will Byers kid?

"Research" over the next few weeks would provide the following information about Will Byers.

Not only did he know Dustin, they were best friends! Had been since Grade 4. Which made Will a sophomore, even though he could've easily passed for younger.

Will was serious about his art. He wanted to go to an arts college when he graduated. He bashfully showed Theo some sketches in his notebook when requested. He called them scribbles, Theo called them *stunning*.

Will loved his family. He had a mother who he obviously adored, an older brother that he obviously idolised and a step-sister that would sometimes come and pick him up from rehearsals and who had stared unblinkingly at Theo from across the auditorium the one time he'd given Will a quick goodbye hug before he left their spot on the bleachers.

"Don't mind El," Dustin had clapped him on the back afterwards. "She's our friend and she's crazy" he'd said cryptically with a laugh.

Will *loved* music. It was very hard to get his attention on the days when he brought his Walkman to rehearsals. Usually Theo wouldn't have been able to *stand* being ignored but in this case... well... it sure was fun to watch Will shake his cute little butt when he would momentarily forget where he was and get way too engrossed in a rhythm only he could hear.

Will didn't have a lot of friends. Which was weird given how sweet and warm he was. Theo could only remember maybe two or three names being mentioned here or there, besides Dustin that is. And that was another thing. Dustin was weirdly protective of Will. It was nothing overt, just something in the tone of his voice whenever Theo subtly dug for more info about him. Luckily good ol' Dusty didn't seem to pick up on the older boy's attempts at flirtation with his friend otherwise Theo reckoned he might have had some wrestling moves pulled on him.

Will was funny and fiery when he wanted to be. There was a generous amount of sass and sarcasm in that small package. One day instead of just letting Theo stand by him and talk he'd abruptly shoved a paintbrush against his chest and put him to work. *"If you're just going to stand there you might as well help!"*

Will may or may not be into guys. He'd laughed merrily that aforementioned day when Theo had pulled his shirt off to avoid getting paint on it. He'd teased him about making the girls in the cast swoon. He'd painted a little smiley face over one of Theo's nipples and said he should name it because it was the only friend he'd ever have. But Theo also thought he'd seen a small appreciative smile as the smaller teen's eyes had wandered over his torso and lingered on his shoulders and biceps. (Theo silently thanked his father for agreeing to buy that home gym equipment. Doing aerobics was *more fun* sure, but it was shit for building muscle).

But other than that, Will seemed blissfully unaware that Theo would quite happily jump at the chance to pull him backstage into one of the storage closets and blow him. He didn't seem homophobic... and all the signals he was sending out were setting off every single one of Theo's Queer Alerts. So why did he never seem receptive to his flirtations? It was a mystery.

Perhaps weirdest of all... Will was really good company. Theo actually *liked* being around him and talking with him. Which was not usual for guys that he wanted to have sex with. Hadn't been in a long, long time. Which lead Theo sadly to his final conclusion.

Will was *way* too innocent to fuck around with. Sleeping with him *would've* been a grand way to pass the time if Theo had ever convinced the sophomore artist extraordinaire to join him in Fagsville *BUT*... with every shared joke, with every warm smile, with every new delightful eccentricity discovered... Theo was more and more convinced that he *shouldn't* go there. Not if he couldn't be just as sweet to Will as he so obviously deserved.

Sweet? Theo couldn't do that. He just couldn't.

It was okay though. Basketball season was starting up soon. Which meant Danny Simmons would probably be needing his pregame blowjobs again this year otherwise he'd be convinced the team would never win.

Theo would get by and just pass his time being *friends* with Will Byers instead.

Day 169.

Will was looking fucking *edible* tonight! Maybe it was because they hadn't had a chance to interact much since the new school year started... or maybe Will had been chugging some sort of Handsome-Face elixir over the summer holidays or something. Had he always been this good-looking...? Theo seemed to remember comparing his face to a Kewpie Doll at one time...

No, it was more than that, he seemed *different* too. More... loose, but not in a drunk way. He'd always been kind of contentedly reserved... happy to let others take the limelight. Tonight though... it was like all of that had been stripped away and left at home.

Now, it was like Bowie himself was standing right in front of Theo. Oozing this raw sexuality. They'd found each other at the party. They'd danced, they'd chatted, Theo had flirted. It was all business as usual but... it kind of felt like they were teetering on the edge of something. Something forbidden made all the more exciting because they both somehow knew they *shouldn't*.

The way he'd been standing across from him, just staring. Brazen and beautiful in the moonlight. The way he'd licked his lips after they shared a lungful of smoke. He hadn't stepped back. Had remained in Theo's space, chin jutted forward and head tilted slightly as though teasing at an unspoken dare.

What was Theo expected to do but to throw his cigarette aside and claim those gorgeous lips. He *never* backed down from a dare after all.

It was hot. It was very, very hot. *Scorching*. Like a fire burning in the pit of his stomach. Something he hadn't felt in a long time. Will pushed back. Will gave as thoroughly as he received and *would not let*

up. Theo was hard in seconds and his body ached for more. More contact. More heat. More *everything*.

He wasn't even thinking about his actions as he switched their positions and pushed Will (rather harshly) against the wall. This pulled a small giggle from the shorter boys lips, which struck Theo as they paused to catch their breath. Chests rising and falling against each other as they just continued to stare the other down.

That giggle... joyous, almost childish.

All at once, Theo suddenly remembered what he had promised himself. *This*, what they were doing, was supposed to be exactly what he would NOT do. Because Will deserved so much more than just a Suck, Fuck and Chuck.

Theo looked into those eyes. He knew them to be hazel but tonight they were large and full of starlight. He looked very... happy and... *oh fuck* trusting!

There was that familiar little smirk in the corner of his mouth. He didn't seem like he wanted to pretend this hadn't happened when tomorrow eventually would come. Maybe it could be different this time...

Maybe it didn't have to be a "relationship" per say Theo thought as he leaned back in for another kiss and felt fingers grip covetously at the back of his neck. It could be something else. Something that didn't trigger his fight or flight response. But more than a empty nod of acknowledgement in a school hallway and a note with a time and

a place slipped into his locker.

Maybe it could just be... two kindred people together. Not too deep though, that's where the monsters played. Just two people enjoying each other as they pass the time.

Day 241.

“Are you sure? You have to tell me you’re sure” Theo panted, he could feel a trickle of sweat sliding down the side of his face threatening to slip into his eye. Right now he couldn’t give less of a fuck. Not with the sight that was laid out below him.

Will looked *wrecked*. Skin glowing with a thin sheen of sweat. Pupils dilated. Flushed chest heaving and bitten lips disappearing in a pleased grimace every time Theo moved his fingers where they were buried three deep in Will’s ass.

It was one of the most beautiful things Theo thought he’d ever seen. How he had stumbled upon this delectable creature he could not fathom. Theo was an atheist, but maybe there really *was* something to all that religious crap when such a precious vision was delivered to an unworthy like him.

Will was taking his fingers beautifully. He’d done it before and loved it then too. It had to be said, Will Byers worshiped at the altar of

prostate orgasms. But it was only *this* time, two and a half months into them dating (Theo had stopped trying to deny the ‘dating’ part about 3 weeks in) when Will had pulled from their frenzied kiss in the middle of it and whispered those words.

“I want you to fuck me. I’m ready. I want you to do it” and Theo had had to pause for a moment to absorb the information. His overstimulated brain slow to catch up. They’d only been fooling around for awhile now. Could Will really be serious? And could Theo really trust himself with this??

Insistent lips pressing against his own pulled him from his internal debate and big eyes looked up at him sweetly. *“Please?”*

And of course, Theo was willing to give this boy anything.

From that point on, Will had been so good for him. So willing. So gorgeous. It wasn’t with a pained gasp or a hushed whimper – but a contented *sigh* that Will welcomed Theo into his body. One knee pushed up obediently against his chest.

And that was a gift that nobody could take away from Theo as he found his place seated inside Will. He knew he would cherish it for all his life.

“Move. Please move. You feel so good.”

Every moan. Every scratch. Every gasp. Every kiss. Every entreaty.

They were all Theo's to keep. And he deserved them too. For this lovely creature had chosen him, so he must be deserving right?

"Hah!... Theo!... Hnngh god Theo!"

Theo moved faster. Whether by request or because he just couldn't help it anymore. The way was slick and easy now and strong legs were wrapped around his hips like a vice. As though they'd never let go. Hands were gripped into the skin of his back and he could feel his breath steaming against the neck his face was buried against.

He was close. And from the symphony of small sounds pressed intimately against his ear, it seemed Will was too.

Theo pulled away and sat up. Will blinked up at him blearily, looking thoroughly debauched but also the tiniest bit frustrated. Like when you're reaching for something just out of your grasp.

"You okay baby?" Theo murmured, needing to check in. To be sure.

He waited for the small nod before smiling and scooping his arms under Will's shoulders. Bringing him up, seating him above him. It took some shuffling, some strain on already overworked muscles, and his sheathed dick accidentally slipped free, but he managed to finally settle them with his legs stretched out flat, one steadying arm stretched behind him and the other wrapped securely around his stunning boyfriend who was kneeling over his lap.

“Oh!”

Will looked down at him in surprise from his new position like he had no idea how he'd gotten there.

Theo chuckled as he leaned forward to mouth under his jawline, enjoying the prickle of stubble against his lips.

“Take it away beautiful” he murmured against the sensitive skin. He couldn't say how he knew this, he just had an inkling this might be what Will wanted. And so he gladly handed over the reigns and watched with delight as understanding dawned on the handsome face above him.

“Ohh” Will breathed again as he bit his lip in uncertainty for all of three seconds before leaning up and primly reaching behind to grab a hold of Theo and line himself back up.

The next *“Oh”* was more an elongated gasp rather than audible sound. Mouth a perfect circle and eyes delicately shut as Will slowly sank back down.

A breath or two before Will opened his eyes and brought his hands up to frame Theo's face. His lips seeking and receiving.

And then slowly, he began to dance. A slow shift up and a sensuous slide down. Again and again and again. Hair falling in his face. Arms linked around Theo's neck. And Theo just sat back and did everything

in his power to just enjoy the ride, his hand keeping a solid beat as it smoothed up and down Will's cock between them.

He was right. Will *did* love this. The power that came with bringing about his own pleasure. His breaths rapidly became more ragged. His moans more high-pitched. He fucked Theo down into that mattress for countless minutes before finally slamming himself down one last time a choked off whine escaping his lips as he came all over their chests and Theo's hand.

Theo at some point palmed himself to completion that night but he wouldn't remember how or when it happened. Nothing really mattered after that moment – only holding his shuddering boyfriend tightly to him.

Nothing mattered but Will's blissful smile and his loving caresses. His lips hungrily seeking Theo's even though he was already gasping for breath.

Nothing mattered but laying Will down and holding him tight and getting assurances that he was okay as Theo gently cleaned him up.

Nothing mattered but the bone-deep and terrifying realisation that this was so much more than just passing the time.

Day 356.

Mike didn't like Theo very much. It was kind of obvious.

At least it was to Theo.

Nobody else necessarily would have noticed how Mike stayed on the shore instead of getting back in the water after Theo arrived that day they all spent down at the quarry. But Theo noticed.

And of course... Will noticed too.

That was another thing. Will did a lot of noticing Mike. It was kind of like an automatic homing device built into Will's brain.

Mike is over there and all is well. Back to business as usual. Wait where is Mike, oh he's over there now and all is well. Back to business as usual.

It didn't bother Theo all that much.

Will could have a crush on Mike. It happened often. Its kind of like a teen-gay right of passage to have a crush on your attractive best friend. You had to be careful though. Crushes could sometimes turn into black-eyes filled with tears and broken ribs that made your mother cry. You had to keep that shit locked down behind thick, steel doors.

The *real* fact of the matter here was that Will had never given any indication that he wanted to leave Theo. *That's* what mattered.

But Mike.... Theo hadn't counted on Mike.

Mike had begun noticing back. He was not subtle. He would sometimes outright stare. The guy couldn't act for shit. Every single emotion sat plainly on that face for all the world to see.

It kind of sucked, because even though Mike didn't like Theo, when it came right down to it, *Theo* liked Mike. The guy was wicked smart and nice to look at and had a good imagination for D&D campaigns. Theo thought he would probably like Mike even if he was one of the most horrible human beings to walk the streets of Hawkins, if only for the fact that he was *so good* to Will. There was no doubt in Theo's mind that Will was top priority in *all things* for Mike. And well... that's something they had in common.

But... though he liked the guy... it was becoming kind of obvious that Will wasn't the only one with a crush.

It wasn't like Will would ever cheat on Theo. He was *sure* of that. But maybe... maybe he... should?

Its just... there was something *there*. Something between those two that Theo could never touch. He didn't know what it was. It was just *one of those things*. His instincts were whispering away to him, rustling up his nerves and prickling his spine. Theo had learned to listen to his instincts, let them feed his logic... he'd had to, it was the only reason he had survived this long.

Theo knew there were things that Will didn't tell him. Just like there were things that Theo didn't tell Will. There were dark, ugly things that should just stay locked up in that chest deep inside people's minds where they can't do any damage.

And it wasn't like Theo was going to be good for a relationship long-term. He never was. Never had been. It was the reason why no one had ever stayed. Again, it was just *one of those things*.

Anyway, graduation was coming up, and then New York. This had been just a thing to pass the time. Wasn't like it was *important*.

Day 431.

Theo was done with this town. Like *so done*.

He had worked a summer job on a farm with a bunch of homophobic assholes, gritted his teeth, worked on his tan, and toned his arms and legs a bit more. That would go over great in open auditions. Image was important.

His parents had bought him a shitty second-hand (probably more like fourth-hand) car and said it was ok to sell it once he got to New York as long as the money went straight into his savings account.

And now here he was. Stopped at one of Hawkins' only streetlights with his whole life packed into the back of his car.

He didn't know what made him do it, but by chance he looked to the side. Across the intersection to where there was a small green park set in the middle of town.

A group of familiar individuals were gathered around a picnic bench. Lucas and Dustin were standing, either having a very animated conversation, or arguing, as usual. Waving ice cream cones around as though they were lecturing sticks. Max was lying along one of the bench seats of the table, licking away at her own ice cream. Her hair hanging over the edge where El was sitting cross-legged on the ground playing with it. Twisting strands this way and that. And the final two figures were faced away from Theo sitting on the table, arms propped behind them. They weren't sitting necessarily close, but there was intimacy to their postures, that spoke volumes to the observant young man watching them.

Does that mean they...?

Suddenly Will and Mike turned to face each other and Theo got to admire the pretty picture their profiles made.

They were smiling, eyes soft. Mike held his ice cream up to Will who, with a delighted scrunch of his nose, gave it a long lick. If it had been anyone else observing them, they probably would have missed the subtle way their thumbs rubbed lightly against each other where their hands were laid casually side-by-side on the picnic table surface.

And all wondering left Theo.

They had.

A treacherous ache burned its way inside of his lungs and pricked at his heart and he had to look away.

They had... and that was ok. He gripped the steering wheel. That had been what Theo had *wanted*.

A sharp *PAAAARP* shrilled from the car that sat behind Theo and he jumped against the constraint of his seat belt. With his sense returned, he realised the light was now green. Probably had been for awhile.

He drove on. He crossed the boundary that separated Hawkins, Indiana from the rest of the world.

And he didn't try to hold back the thoughts, even though some of them hurt. Not all of them though.

He felt brave and excited and nervous and just a little sad as he clicked the door shut on one part of his life, and moved through an opening that had a glare so bright that he could not fathom what lay ahead.

And in the future when he would think back on Will Byers and all that time they spent together – when he would allow himself to reflect – one thought would dominate over all the other ones.

It had never been about passing time.

Author's Note:

Hope you liked! Please let me know what you thought. :)

And here I am on [tumblr](#).